The
COMMONWEAL

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
PHILIP BURNHAM, *Executive Editor*
C. G. PAULDING, *Managing Editor*
EDWARD F. MEAGHER, *Assistant Editor*
Associate Editors:
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Kappo Phelan, *Theater;* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*
Advertising Manager
John Brubaker

Poor Jenny

THE ASSUMPTION was that peace depended on the unity of the Big Five. At San Francisco they—the USA, USSR, Great Britain, France, and China—were given an especial position in the Unitd Nations, because it was assumed that they were all seeking peace. And after Dumbarton Oaks, in his report to President Truman, Mr. Edward Stettinius dotted the *i*'s: "The prestige of the Security Council, its influence in world affairs generally, and its success in the maintenance of peace and security will depend on the degree to which unity is achieved among the Great Powers." And then he crossed the *t*'s: "The cornerstone of world security is the unity of those nations which formed the core of the grand alliance against the Axis."

The Big Three's decision in Paris to land Berlin on UN's lap has a Samson-like air; even its inevitability seems tragic, and UN may possibly complain to its creators, in the words of the music-hall ditty: "perhaps you were right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?" There is no doubt that the major share of responsibility for this decision rests upon the United States: it is they who have borne the chief burden of this past three months in Berlin, and in the skies above Berlin. And there is no doubt that Mr. Marshall and the generals deserve well of their country and of the world, in making their grave, enormous decision. Mr. Bevin's threats, though understandable enough, are hardly to be regarded in the same tremendous context: the United States is, happily, too great a power to say to Joe that if he won't play ball we'll go seek out Frankie and Johnny. The USA is standing by UN, even if the effect of its gargantuan trust be to smother it and to suffocate.

The British, it would appear, are confident war can be averted, sure that the issue is a diplomatic, not a dynamic, problem. The French are frankly dismal. They fear the Security Council will be unable to act upon the dispute; they fear that the whole debate will have to go to the General Assembly; and that a tribunal of fifty-four will not be able to settle something the Big Four could not. Their fear is an expression of their fundamental suspicion of democracy, and of the democratic processes. France, which has recovered economically better perhaps than any other of the war-ravaged countries, is one of the worst off politically. The years of collaboration have left her with a great weakness; the unused muscles of democratic decision have atrophied. Nor must it be forgotten that any assumption that politics follow upon economics as trade follows the flag, is a Marxian oversimplification liable to be constantly disproved. Britain, politically, is today re-entering Western Europe, though economically still bribed back by the Commonwealth at her coat-tails. And France's lack of enthusiasm for her own necessary and courageous participation in the Big Three's joint communiqué to Russia, must be regarded as a sop to Cerberus. France has both the biggest and best Communist party in Western Europe, and one of the biggest and best Catholic parties. She must beware lest the luxury of resembling poor Jenny who "couldn't make up her mind" does not lead her to the loss of her status as a great power. For a nation, as an individual, exists by exercising judgment. And France, if she too long delay her decision, may possibly suffer poor Jenny's subsequent and not so agreeable fate. *Qui ne risque rien, ne gagne rien,* whether on the earth, over the earth, or in the waters under the earth. The Big Three are risking the existence of UN and their own peace, to maintain the Three Freedoms, since the Fourth Freedom (from Fear) is suspended, and whether it is coming or going, all depends on the USSR.

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Just an Interruption

IT WOULD simply be old-fashioned and foolish of us to expect an atomic war to sputter up gradually in the manner of firecracker wars, and so now is the time, if there ever was one, to get in the proper mental swing for the war-of-tomorrow. The situation calls for something flashy, for a flare of imagination, and to get in the mood we're depending a good deal right now on reading the signs and stars in the Wellsian universe of the future.

Here's what the constellations reveal so far: a performance of the biggest show on earth is taking shape and seems to hang on the current UN session in Paris. There, the question before the house is really rather obvious and amounts to this: is it going to be a United Nations Europe or is it not? Chances are it won't be, and chances are, also, that the alternative means what Winston Churchill came all the way to Fulton, Missouri, to announce to his fellow seers. By the time he proposed a Western bloc, Mr. Churchill, weary of the Soviet veto-attitude in world politics, thought he could read the international signs well enough to see that the UN was a falling star. He set off a small chain reaction of his own, and Mr. Bevin, agreeing with him, took Britain's influence to the Benelux Conference where the Brussels Pact drew the outline figure for a new look in international politics. The Western Union was to be an ace in the hole to be flashed only when and if the UN faltered.

To be solvent, the European Union depends on American dollars: and the US, equally punchy from the effects of Molotov-Gromyko-Vishinsky infighting, has accommodated with ERP and made ready for more vigorous action with a peacetime draft and an emergency plan for the mobilization of industry. Meeting this week in Paris, the Defense Ministers of the Western bloc made one thing clear: before they get tough they must have US military power to get tough with. Finally, in his dramatic words to the Assembly, Mr. Bevin put the finishing touches to Mr. Churchill's proposals for bloc-politics when he said that "if we find in the end that we cannot proceed on a world basis as we had hoped, we must proceed on a regional basis."

Now our nostalgic, localized view of power politics compels us to agree that Mr. Bevin did the only thing a non-appeaser could do, and it is possible that "out of these very regional structures to which we may now turn there may yet grow that world government for which humanity yearns." But in terms of celestial signs, this is probably an antiquarian hope. For if the Politburo wants to go in for some advanced, astral daring, then this is the time for it: however weak Russia may now be, she may never find the West so vulnerable again, if European Union and a regional-world come to mean anything at all. Every day the Russians delay, time runs out on them while the West deploys itself. In a sense, the Soviet has called its own bluff.

Sometimes these portents scare us and we're about ready to sit back shivering until we are bolstered by the memory of a British friend, who used to remark that he thought rocket wars were just a bit jolly: no buzz bombs, no artillery, no droning motors—no noise at all. Just an interruption. A man is walking along, inhaling as usual, and—poof, it's over! Not a whimper. Now *there* is a man in stride with the war-of-tomorrow.

So after making peace with our brothers, we're off to enjoy the World Series, and barring the interruption of nuclear fission, this affair might well go on merrily for six or seven games, all the fans inhaling as usual.

Flight South?

THE PRESENCE of Senator Tobey and his sub-committee in Nashua, N. H., looking into the scheduled closing of blanket and sheeting mills employing 3,500 workers in a city of 35,000, drew national attention to the New England textile industry. A number of executives declared that the trek South, interrupted by the war, was on again now that the supply of cotton goods has caught up with demand so that the iron clamps of competition are pressing down.

In terms of mathematics the competitive advantages of Southern textile mills seem overwhelming. The ten-cents-an-hour differential in wages immediately comes to mind, but to this must be added employee health and other benefits embodied in Northern union contracts, for three-quarters of the Southern textile workers remain unorganized. Taxes are also considerably lower in the Southern states. Freight rates for hauling comparatively bulky raw cotton to the North have risen 25 to 30 percent since the war. Finally, kilowatt rates in the South are around half what they are in New England, and only one-third in the famed TVA area.

Without performing the complex calculations which would produce the exact sum of all these differentials, it is plain that the total is overpowering. Now that competition has returned, any one of the above items might mean the difference between a viable margin of profit and failure to break even. Is it possible to surmount all these disadvantages and stay in business?

The South has its charms, but as a group New Englanders are the last to abandon the towns and villages with which they have been identified for so many generations. Established in their ways, they like it there—winter and all. In many

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cases, these mill operators will be impervious to the blandishments of the Southern city chambers of commerce. Northeastern businessmen will do everything possible to keep the spindles turning where they now are.

On the plus side there are also a number of factors which are far from negligible: native industriousness, know-how, imposing plant, steady customers, high productivity, Yankee determination and ingenuity. That the great majority of Southern textile workers will remain permanently unorganized is highly unlikely. New England is also that much closer to the larger concentrations of American consumers. Improvements in design will tend to make electric power rates less of a factor than it first would seem. Great progress has been made of late with synthetic cotton substitutes. And if taxes were to prove the deciding factor, the New England states themselves have enough imagination to make reductions that would keep their textile industry from emigrating.

While the closing of several other, and smaller, local mills led to rumors of wholesale flight to the South, other textile operators told of substantial expenditures for new buildings and new machinery and said they had no intention of moving. The port of Boston itself announced twenty million dollars' worth of improvements that would provide shipping facilities unequalled anywhere. Certain shaky enterprises are still to succumb, but whatever the physical disadvantages, it is still a good bet that because of its spirit New England is not yet ready to become, as solemnly predicted by economist J. Russell Smith, merely a playground of the rest of the United States.

Christian Industrialism?

JOHN CORT, in his "Labor Movement" column last week ("Reform Begins at the Plant Level," October 1) comes out strongly for labor-management committees and something called "the Industry Council Plan." He winds up his advocacy with an attack on Eric Gill, Dorothy Day and something else which he identifies only as "romantic and intolerant editions of agrarianism." Then he impolitely turns a phrase of the well-known agrarian-distributist, Chesterton, and coins a brand-new term: "Christian industrialism hasn't failed because it has never been tried." This new term and highly hypothetical system which John Cort advocates—together, I believe, with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and considerable of the top brass in the CIO—assumes the positive answer, Yes, to a question John Cort relays from Eric Gill and *The Catholic Worker*: "Can mass production be reconciled with the demands of human personality?"

"Industrialism," whether Christian, capitalist or communist, is a very vague proposition, in experience and in the mind. To begin with, we might take it to mean the economic system which we have got, and which the John Cort school evidently believes can be reformed into something pretty fine by administerings of Labor-Management and Industrial Council medicines. They believe this so strongly that critics like Eric Gill and Dorothy Day turn out to be subversive when they divert effort from medicating the system toward changing it. . . . "It is really tragic that so many young zealots have been sold. . . ." Before taking so gloomy—so tragical—a view, however, the "Christian industrialists" ought to base their emotions on more than two sets of words, "industrial council" and "labor-management." Below are several, out of very many, characteristics of the going system of mass industrialism which seem to me alienating. They are reminders, put forward with the query, what have their words got to do with the situation? How are they going to persuade me that loyalty to industrialism is a better part than support of efforts to replace it in the dominant position?

Mass-production industrialism appears to foster at the same time two impossible extremes of social and personal organization: on the one hand, a suffocating unitary centralization, and on the other hand, a freezing divisive separateness. Mass industrialism requires central, unitary organization and control of men and resources in their economic existence. The larger scale the industrialism, the wider the centralization. It brings about extreme interdependence of economic parts and functions, exaggerating the responsibility and repressing the freedom of every unit. The units are by definition and fact increasingly mass units: for production, the kind of giant, coordinated factory, plant or mill which makes people tremble at America; for distribution, no less, what have blown up into our mammoth, unified, selling, marketing, merchandising and advertising mechanisms. Mass industrialism has taken the population itself and piled it up in cities—in a particular kind of heaped-up, inhuman conurbation, for which even that isn't a bad enough word.

In the same process, mass industrialism has fragmented men and society, from the broadest level of class and nation, to the point of the interior soul. Planning and design are cut off from operation. The technical, managerial and administrative functions are necessarily an expert specialty separated from the isolated specialties of the forces in the line. The whole thing depends upon separation of production from consumption, by commodity, geography and use. For each

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man in industry, his work place is separate from his residence and his work life separated from leisure—from "living." If it is possible now to exaggerate the extremes, it is still almost certain that tomorrow, if things go on the same, conditions will have surpassed the description.

Each one of these characteristics leads to troubles which are so evident and well known that the point of bringing them up is simply to ask, have the Christian industrialists developed such remedies that they are willing to junk reformers who wish to do away with the dominance of industrialism itself? It appears to distributists and agrarians that ownership of industrial enterprises is not the factor which *controls* the character of industrialism—these aspects of it noted above. Nor is its character determined by the apology which the centralized office uses to support its authority—whether the boss represents widows and orphans and worthy capitalists, or the hands that work the machinery, or the undifferentiated humanity which must live, one way or another, on the stuff produced. The character of mass industrialism can be *influenced* by many, many forces of mind and matter, but as long as it's industrialism it will force society toward outer centralism-inner separation.

Where are these "zealots" for "the more romantic and intolerant editions of agrarianism"? They are not enough, evidently, to ask questions and get replies from even the best disposed of Catholic social critics, when these critics accept the echoing lyricism of the singing line of mass production.

PHILIP BURNHAM

War on Earth to Men of Good Will

ONE of the grandest pages of history records the religious fervor of the participants on both sides of World War II. By the hundreds of thousands, these warriors fostered their valor on the Sacraments of Faith and Charity. Like opposing armies of microbes in the Mystical Body of Christ, they nourished themselves with His Blood. (Cf. 1 Cor. 6:15.)

All of which is noteworthy for numbers rather than for novelty, since good will has always been the motive for the mammoth violence of militarism in contrast to the bad will behind the miniature violence of banditry. Indeed, one cannot find a single war in which the combatants on all sides did not hunger after justice, as discerned by their respective consciences. *Formally* speaking, all wars are JUST wars, whatever their *material* justice or injustice may be.

While good will characterized the soldiers who fought before the first Christmas, in Christian times that good will of fighters took on supernatural charity, in addition to a natural hunger for justice. In our own generation, with its two JUST World Wars, one finds the most exquisite expressions of charity from military personnel on both sides of the conflicts! This should be remembered when carping critics cry about the trillion-dollar cost of JUST World War II. Even if this sum would give to every family in the world a new six-room house and to every town of 5,000 people a new hospital and a new school, it is unfair to forget the Gargantuan good will which expressed its charity with such heroic sacrifice of men and money.

These facts have led many thinkers to conclude that the first Christmas greeting "Peace on earth to men of good will" must mean merely peace of conscience. In fact, they look askance at external peace—that is, the refusal to co-operate in legal violence—as a mirage, seducing citizens from the duty of rendering to Caesar the service of militarism. They cannot conceive that the supernatural morality of the Gospel might change the proportion of things that were Caesar's in a pre-Christian world. If this view be true, then the angelic acclaim of Bethlehem's Babe was trite rather than triumphant. For men of *good* will had always enjoyed *inward* peace, while hitherto they had vainly sought for *external* peace by JUST violence against enemies.

Another school of thought hears in the song of the angels a prelude to the Sermon on the Mount, which allows men of good will to overcome evil by non-violent methods of patience and generosity. In this view the problem of external violence is reduced by half, since men of good will are excused from contributing their share to the total volume of violence. Psychologically, of course, this reaction would at least calm the ferocity of the violent. No man seeks to batter down an open door. Even if the disciples of virtuous violence continued their attack on the non-violent men of good will, the latter would still enjoy a moral isolation from the violation of peace such as Jesus enjoyed on the Cross. After His example they would achieve a victory *over* violence by becoming voluntary victims *of* violence. Theirs would be the Peace of the Risen Christ, the peace of willingly accepted wounds, rather than an armistice forced on wounded enemies.

Up to now the first view prevails among Christians. Yet as they gird themselves for JUST World War III, one wonders whether they may finally be forced by sheer exhaustion to consider the advisability of following their Leader's non-violence in the Passion, rather than the legal violence of His killers. That is, unless Pope Peter wrote: "Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an *exception,* that you should *not* follow His steps."

MICHAEL J. DEACY.

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This Time in Jerusalem

Manya Harari

THE CONVOY formed outside Tel Aviv. Twenty trucks drew up behind us and a car with the blue Truce Commission flag in front. We stood about for an hour in the thin shadow of the eucalyptus trees, hoping for a wind to stir the damp heat, while the UN observers inspected the trucks, then we started out. In our taxi were some journalists and the wife of a government official going to visit her home in Jerusalem before the end of the Truce. There were only a few days of it left; we discussed, excitedly but ineffectually, the chances of its being prolonged.

On both sides of the road were villages surrounded by orange groves with here and there a house ripped open by an explosion or a patch of dilapidated and deserted huts. The whole of this road was under constant threat of sniping and ambush at one time. Iraquis had infiltrated the Arab settlements and established strongposts. In some places the local fellahin objected. At Ness Ziona, for instance, where Arabs and Jews had lived side by side for over half a century, the fellahin tried to evict the "foreigners," and, when they failed and left, entrusted the keys of their houses to the Jews. After the occupation of Jaffa the Hagana set out to destroy the snipers' nests. There were fierce little battles. The settlers abandoned their homes and dispersed behind the Arab lines. "It was silly of them," says the taxi driver. "We wouldn't have hurt them. It was the Iraquis made the trouble."

I have heard this repeatedly: the Jews shrug their shoulders at the panic of the local Arabs. Yet it seems understandable to me; whether they were 300,000 in Israel, as the Jews say, or half a million, the Arabs claim, they were still outnumbered, and they are not fighters. Anyway, the abandoned citrus groves are depressing and the flattened cottages on our left make me feel a little sick, for all that the driver proudly points out the carefully spared mosque . . . but then I wasn't there to drive his taxi past the snipers.

We go through Rishon le Zion, one of the oldest of the Jewish colonies, with little flat houses restful after the cement whorls of Tel Aviv, and a square in front of the synagogue. After that there is a stretch of open country. As we enter Judea the red earth changes to white; the dust turns our hair into periwigs and films the olive and pine trees, which have replaced the rich orange plantations, as if with snow.

We stop before the Arab post at Latrun. The UN officials get out and have a long parley with two Bedouin sentries who stand, smiling and immovable, in front of a barbed wire barrier. They are hung with cartridge belts, knives and grenades; one carries a tommy-gun, the other holds a rifle in one hand and a grenade in the other, The officials look harassed. It appears that the Arab Legion liaison officer has failed to meet us and they have no instructions beyond not letting anyone through. At last a jeep dashes off angrily to fetch him and we are allowed to go on. Past the bend, anti-tank and machine guns point at us from a strategically planted nest. The driver grumbles enviously: they are of a better model than those of the Hagana.

The road climbs into the hills. We stop again, this time in front of the brown square fort of a police station—one of the seventy built by the British at the time of the Arab rising before the war. It has "Palmakh" chalked on it in Hebrew, the name of the crack commando regiment, originally trained by General Wingate, which captured it from the Arabs. Overlooking the road on our left is a huge statue of Our Lady in the garden of the Franciscan convent. This is one of the places claimed by tradition to be Emmaus (the other is Latrun). In a dip on the right is a small peaceful scene—an Arab village threshing its millet, children and black goats, and an old man in a tarbush trading with two Jewish settlers by the side of the road. The villagers, an independent tribe ruled since the 18th century by the descendants of the brigand chief Abu Gosh, have made their own treaty with the Jews. In a hollow beyond the threshing field a little crusading church stands on the site of the roadhouse built by the Roman Tenth Legion.

We climb higher into the hills. "Alyiah," the Hebrew word for immigration, means "going up." "You can see why," says the wife of the official. On a seemingly inaccessible crag is the medieval fort of Castel, another feather in the cap of the Hagana. After that the approaches to Jerusalem are through rocky, almost uninhabited country, unaccountably lovely in the thin, dry, burning air.

★

The New City looks like London after an air raid: rows of broken windows, chips out of the walls, a great flattened area at the corner

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of Ben Jehuda Street and glass crunching under our feet as we get out of the car.

I leave my luggage in the empty magnificence of the Eden Hotel and have a chat with the solitary hall porter while I wait for Jacob Weissman, who works at the Public Information Office and who is to show me around the "battlefields." Weissman, a thin, fair-haired young Jew from Hungary, explains a little solemnly that since the sniping has started again in the last few days, the tour of Notre Dame, which is all we have time for before dusk, has become a dangerous expedition: am I sure I want to go? But in the heady air high above the earth and blowing even under the fantastic dome of this luxury palace it is difficult to think of danger. We walk down Ben Jehuda Street with its closing shops and crowds of young men in khaki, past the cinema at the corner and along the Jaffa Road. I have not seen Jerusalem for ten years. Then the New City with its great sober stone buildings was still a suburb of the Old, though even then it covered the larger area. The business center, the shops, cinemas and hotels were in the new Eastern districts. The university topped a height in the north, overlooking the apocalyptic hills leaping down to the Dead Sea in a green hollow at the bottom of the world. But the reason for any of it being there was the ancient walled city, with its remnant of the Temple, wept over for centuries and surmounted by the Dome of the Rock, and its alleyways leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Now the New City ends westwards in a tangle of barbed wire; from beyond it comes the distant popping of rifle shots. The university is cut off. The Old City is invisible to civilians.

The street becomes increasingly disheveled and there are fewer passersby. A truck swings past with young men, some in khaki shirts and shorts, others with sidelocks, in long black gabardines and big hats. We talk about the curious twist in tradition which has made the town dress of the Polish gentry the uniform of the orthodox Jews, even of the ancient community which has lived in the Old City Ghetto time out of memory. Now the community is dispersed, its medieval synagogues are destroyed.

"What about the rest of the Old City?"

"There is nothing left of the Ghetto, but the rest has been very little damaged. But it is difficult to say what will happen if the fighting breaks out again."

"But didn't the religious Jews oppose Zionism at first?" I ask.

"Yes. They believed the mass of the Jews should await the coming of the Messiah to return to Palestine. Now they have come to terms with it. But it is not for a Jewish State that these were fighting. They fought for Jerusalem—for their homes and the Holy Places. Even now some of the orthodox will not fight at all, and there are others who go to the other extreme and join the Irgun Zvai Leumi."

We go through a gap in the barbed wire guarded by armed sentries and turn into what I am told was a miniature Wall Street, now a row of tall, blind, peeling houses ending in a heap of rubble. The crossroads are exposed to snipers' fire: we hug the walls as if to shelter from the rain and Weissman explains the strategic position of Notre Dame, dominating the Old City and the supply route to the North. It was occupied by the Arabs and has since changed hands three times. A Hagana soldier escorts us through a side entrance. Improbably studious, ecclesiastical and homely is a long library with crowded shelves and a painted statue of Saint Augustine. Beyond it is a maze of devastated passages and unidentifiable rooms, then an inner courtyard cluttered with debris. Here nuns scurry under flapping coifs with baskets of vegetables. A family of Arab refugees squats cosily on a doorstep. A bearded priest walks up and down reading his breviary. The Reverend Mother shows me over the hospice and the new chapel. The nuns have been there all through and only some of the ancient ones were evacuated.

Up a ladder through a hole in the floor and we are in the disused vestry with a blasted window. A mortar bangs loudly. "Keep out of the line of the windows," says the soldier. Next door is the old chapel, empty except for the bare altar partly blocking the view through the shell hole in the east wall. This is as near as I can get to the Old City, since no permit will let me in. We peer down at it from inside the shelter of the stone work. It lies below us, a little warren of streets with roofs crowding up to the domes of the churches, dominated by our own position and the Arab gun posts on the surrounding hills—the City of Peace, terribly vulnerable and peaceful.

*

Down the ladder again and through the darkening courtyard. Before leaving we have cold tea in the side lobby with the commander of the Hagana post. I ask him what would happen to the Old City monuments if the fighting should break out again.

"It has been our worst headache," he says. "You can imagine how conscious we are of the responsibility, but it is not easy to restrain hotheads when fire comes from inside or from behind some building that has to be spared. And you know what it is like with artillery—a hairbreadth mistake and there you are."

The soldier who took us round says angrily: "That's how we lost the Old City."

"Is that really the reason?" I ask.

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"It has certainly been an important factor," says the officer. "The worst of it is that so many of the men believe it was the reason. But our men have discipline. It is not so easy with the I.Z.L."

On the way back I ask Weissman to tell me about the Irgun. "Is it true they are Fascists?"

"We regard them as such, though it is difficult to know just what to call them. They have no stated program beyond extreme nationalism. But they hate the constitutional parties, the Workers' Federation and the Government and would probably try to upset it by violence if they were strong enough."

"How strong are they?"

"Three, four thousand. Their publicity made them seem much more."

"Where do they come from?"

"They are a queer mixture. Foreigners who have understood nothing about the issues, local religious fanatics exploited by unscrupulous leaders."

"But how is it you allow them to have their own force?"

He shrugs his shoulders. "Their numbers are dwindling. And this is no time for Jews to fight Jews."

I was to see something of them that night. In the rest of the country they had gone underground since their ship, *Altalena,* with its cargo of arms, had been sunk by the Government. But in Jerusalem they were only thinly disguised. The two dark, curly-headed youths at the cafe that evening made no difficulty about admitting they were soldiers of the "other Army."

"Are you from Jerusalem?"I ask one of them.

"My father came from Persia."

"My grandfather was buried at Rishon le Zion," says a foreign journalist sitting at our table.

"You come from abroad and your grandfather's grave is in Rishon," says the boy. "I was born here and my grandfather died in Persia. But now I hope I die here."

"Surely you'll live here," says the journalist.

"Live or die." He looks down at his hands, then goes on in his curiously flat voice: "I would not take the best country in the world, not the best life I could have in any country for the suffering in Jerusalem."

"Haven't you had enough of it," says the journalist uncomfortably.

"No. Our brothers who come from outside, they know what suffering is. We haven't had much suffering, we don't know about it. We must learn."

There is an embarrassed silence while we take this in.

"Do you think the fighting will start again?" asks the other Irgun boy.

"What do *you* say?" asks the journalist.

"I say, the Arabs will attack."

"And I think," says the other, "one day the Arabs attack; next day we forget there ever was an Old City."

"Do you mean it will be destroyed?" I ask horrified.

"Yes,"

"But don't you mind? I mean aren't you fighting for Jerusalem because it is a Holy Place?"

The boys' faces light up. "We fight because it is Holy *Land,* the *soil* of Jerusalem is holy."

"But what do you want?" I ask desperately. "Don't you want to live here afterwards? I mean, suppose there was no chance of victory at all, you could only be killed to no purpose, would you still fight?"

"We would fight," said the boys.

*

The next morning there is Mass at the chapel of the Catholic school. Afterwards I talk with the rector in the parlor while small refugee boys make a deafening noise in the cloister. "There are extremists on both sides," says the priest. "You can't blame one side more than the other for the damage to the churches. If there is fighting in Jerusalem there is bound to be damage. Many of the churches are on high ground, in strategic positions—take Notre Dame. Both sides are bound to try to get hold of them, and whichever gets in first will be attacked by the other. In the end the blame is with the Christian nations. There is only one way to keep Jerusalem safe—an effective international force."

We talk about the position of the Christian communities in Palestine. "The Christian Arabs are in a great difficulty," he says. "They are afraid that the day the Moslems should get rid of the Jews they would turn against them. They daren't make common cause with the Jews; so they outdo the Moslems in Arab nationalism."

Later on I pursued my enquiries at lunch with some Hagana boys at a military canteen. The food is delicious, meat which only the Army get, vegetable salad and the national "fruit soup." We talk about whether Jerusalem should be international. "That would be all right if the nations really meant it," says David. "But here we will be, a hundred thousand of us in the middle of an Arab kingdom. How can we be sure the Arabs won't start war again? We know Abdulla wants Jerusalem."

"And so do you?"

"Sure," says Aaron. "Whoever heard of the Land of Israel without Jerusalem? And who has built the New City? But we would agree to its being international for the sake of peace."

"There are good reasons why it should be," says Gershon. "The Holy Places are a terrible

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responsibility. They should have an international guarantee. But who is to provide that? Who has risked his skin to protect them? Who has moved so much as a finger?"

"That's all very well," I say, a little crossly at so many rhetorical questions. "You know very well the reason for not sending out an international force is the fear of a world conflict."

This sets off pandemonium. "Oil," say the three of them. "Oil, power, politics, oil; that's all anybody cares about."

After looking over the remarkable welfare work of the International Women's Organization with Mrs. Bergman, I go back, with another welfare worker. We drive through damaged suburbs into torn walls ripped open and roofs settled like pie crusts where the Hagana and the Arab Legion confronted each other with mortars and explosives; in other places the small, widespread damage from prolonged shelling. We stop on the outskirts and look out over the arid country rolling away on all sides to the surrounding hills topped with Arab redoubts. A brief silence over the city is again broken by firing. I turn impatiently to Mrs. Silberman. "How can you go through it all again? Why don't you at least send away your children?"

She looks surprised. "But think of the organization and the transport it would need to evacuate all these thousands."

I feel angry because I am embarrassed to say I meant only her family. "It's a crazy city," I say.

"Of course it's crazy," she agrees. "Whoever heard of a city built on a mountain forty miles away from its water supply. But there it's been all this time. And look how lovely."

I look at it. Lovely it is between stones and sky, diamond hard, with the waterless country looking as if it were made of light.

*

I should be getting on with my business. I have interviews arranged for me in Tel Aviv; anyway, I have run out of money. The Eden is hideously expensive and the bank in Jerusalem won't cash travelers' checks. But I wish Jerusalem didn't tug at one's entrails. And I wish the danger in it didn't go to people's heads instead of to their stomachs.

The convoy leaves at six and I have still to see Martin Buber. I have never met him before, but I have read his books on the history of Jewish thought. I find him with some difficulty at the villa in town to which he has moved from the university sector. He shuffles professorially into the darkish, cluttered-up parlor shuttered against the afternoon blaze, and sits inquiringly on a small stiff chair. Fortunately, as he has an obvious distrust of reporters, what I want him to untie in my mind is not the political situation but Mrs. Silberman's view of the Holy Land. We start, however, with his party, the Ihud, a small academic group led by Dr. Magnus. It has always interested me because of its support of the idea of a bi-national state, though it is not representative of the main trends of Zionism.

"Mind you," says Buber, "what we wanted was not at all the same thing as what the Arabs mean by a Unitary State. We hoped to bring the two nations together rather as in Switzerland or in Canada."

Since the creation of the State of Israel, the group, like the much more important United Workers' Party who also stood for bi-nationalism, have given up the idea, but they still hope for federation.

"Won't a rapprochement with the Arabs be much more difficult now?" I ask.

"More difficult certainly. Yet is not the war a kind of ventilation of passions? Perhaps a new way of understanding will be given us. After all, we have one great thing in common—the Arabs want a great Palestine and we want great things to happen in Palestine."

"Does the young generation of Jews take full account of the problem?"

"Many of them have a real desire to understand the Arabs. Many learn Arabic seriously. In the settlements they often achieve excellent relations. The Arab and the Jewish elements cannot merge, but they can co-operate and stimulate one another. The Jews could give much to the Arabs, and the Arabs have a kind of primitiveness—I have great feeling and understanding for it—which could become creative through the stimulation of the Jewish spirit."

"What is really coming out of Israel?" I ask at last. "Have the young people in the settlements any real link with the Jewish religious tradition?"

He thinks this over. "If you ask them, you will not get a satisfactory answer because the answer will come out of their conscious minds. I think that all this work in Palestine comes much more out of unconscious than out of conscious intentions. Unconsciously it is based on traditional ideals. Zionism is the secularization of a religious ideal. It has been born out of traditional hopes. The young people come out of a background in which the tradition has degenerated. They don't know its roots and they react against it. But living the life of the settlements they feel the lack of something which they don't know. They are groping for it. They don't know that religion renews itself. There are times when a religion hides its meaning, its renewal is not yet manifest. But I believe in this power of renewal." He looks past me with a mildly prophetic air. "Of course, it is difficult for people like my-

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self to be patient, to know that today must be lived as it is—we cannot put in its place a more glorious day. We live in the days of the Hidden God. We must be patient with all these people who do not know the religious goodness of what they are doing here. They are trying to live together in justice."

"Might not this be a purely secular idea?" I ask.

"Do you know in history of a purely secular ideal which has produced such results? No, this goes back to the Hassidim and to the Prophets."

"But is there a necessary connection between the life they want to live and the soil of Palestine?"

"Of course. The Promise has always been bound to Palestine."

"Might not this have been a symbol?"

"A true symbol is always concrete. Without a concrete form it is only an idea, not a symbol. The Spirit needs corporal form to manifest itself. Without it, it does not exist on earth."

"Then you believe that a true symbol is a sacrament?"

"Certainly. . . . Of course, it remains to be seen what will come out of all this. Will the community be faithful to the Jewish ideal of justice? A community is necessary; you cannot practice social justice in a purely individual life. And a State has this importance, that justice is not only what its members have between them themselves, but what States have with one another."

"Do you think Jerusalem should be part of the Jewish State?"

"No. I have always wanted Jerusalem to be international. I have great hopes for Jerusalem. It should become a great center of co-operation, not only between Jews and Arabs but between peoples generally—a symbol of the beginning of real co-operation between human beings."

As he saw me out, mortars and machine guns spurted with renewed venom from the east of the City.

I returned that evening to Tel Aviv along the "Burma Road," the road built just before the Truce and running all the way through Jewish-held territory. The war broke out after two days. I had a week in Tel Aviv and in the colonies, and returned to Jerusalem just before the second Truce. It had not been the main theater of the fighting; the abortive battle in the Old City had been cut short after three hours by the local Truce. I found the streets more dilapidated, more empty; the Public Information Office had a new shell hole made in it that morning. More of the surrounding country was now in Jewish hands, and I could visit Ain Karem, the place of the Visitation, captured without any damage. The nuns at the French convent only complained of the noise during the fighting, and that Sister Elizabeth's little axe for chopping firewood had been borrowed by the Hagana. But all that is another story.

Communications

INFLATION CAUSE-CONTROVERSY

Paris, France.

TO the Editors: I have just read Father Higgins' letter in your August 20th issue. Our discussion seems to have become overvigorous. But I don't see that my questions are being answered and Father Higgins' last letter seemed to be getting entirely away from the questions raised.

I'm glad that he and I can agree in opposition to socialism and extreme government planning. It's good to see Father Higgins relate wage increases to increased productivity. That recognition might have done us more good in 1946. I concur in applauding the approach of the Belgians to the solution of their economic problems. They maintain one of the highest standards of consumption and responsible freedom in Europe and pay their own way with the help of a 48-hour work week and drastic post-war measures to deal with excessive monetary supply. One wonders how Father Higgins reacted when Mr. Wilson of General Motors suggested in 1946 that we could maintain wartime pay envelopes without inflation only by working 45 hours a week rather than 40?

It's perfectly understandable to hold firm for a 40-hour week, to push money wages as high as possible, and to go all out behind government spending for housing and other social welfare programs. It's equally understandable to berate the NAM for taking the opposite position. But going on from there to get indignant about inflation necessarily suggests superficial thinking and irresponsible policy.

In concluding my contribution to this controversy, I do feel it necessary to set straight some twists which seem to have been given to my words. I did not imply that the New Deal caused the depression of the 'thirties. I merely pointed out that an economic policy, which Father Higgins expressly approved in his review, happens to have coincided with the one occasion in our history in which a depression lasted ten years. It seems to me that history has proven "economic maturity" and "we owe it to ourselves" sufficiently false to justify the word "charlatanism."

In his letter, Father Higgins quoted two expressions: "wringing benefits" and "intricacies." The way they are dealt with suggests that they are my words. They are his. He did not answer the questions originally directed at his review on the plea that he is not qualified to deal with the intricacies of economic science. I believe that careful thought and factual investigation are enough to deal with almost all economic problems. He implied that American living standards are due to wringing benefits out of the system rather than to the system itself. I believe in bargaining but not in wringing bene-

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fits. The psychology and attitude suggested by the use of a word like "wringing" tends very strongly to minimize the benefits available. Finally, a quote from the Mid-Year Economic Report and an implied position of mine are put together to lead up to the conclusion that the Council of Economic Advisers disagrees fundamentally with my analysis of those economic "intricacies" (Father Higgins' word in his quotes).

The facts are these:

(a) I pointed out that in his review Father Higgins failed to call attention to the Council's omission of inflated money supply and loose fiscal policy in its analysis of the inflation. The American Federation of Labor had called this the root cause of inflation and I suggested that the President's Reports might be more a political than an economic document and, therefore, the issuing authority might be reluctant to take cognizance of an inflation cause attributable to the government.

(b) Father Higgins retorted by asking if I could picture Mr. Nourse selling his soul to the Democratic Committee.

(c) I referred Father Higgins to a printed record, freely available, of a meeting in which Mr. Nourse and ten distinguished economists discussed the President's Economic Reports. These economists put their fingers on precisely this omission and wondered how inflation could possibly be discussed without reference to increased money supply, budget deficits, government borrowing and Treasury maintenance of a low interest rate. Mr. Nourse indicated that the reports were subject to editing at the White House.

Now, Father Higgins comes forward with a quote which, so far as I can see, has no bearing on anything that has gone before and does not detract in any way from the view that increased money supply and loose fiscal policy are the major cause of the current inflation, a view which I share with the American Federation of Labor, with the distinguished economists who met with Mr. Nourse, with Marriner Eccles and the overwhelming majority of banking and financial professionals in and out of government, and with Sir Stafford Cripps, Paul Reynaud, General Clay, and virtually everybody else who has dealt with the European economic scene.

The quotes to which Father Higgins resorts are worth repeating: ". . . To be sure, we want to achieve reasonable steadiness of the dollar, although at a price level necessarily higher than in pre-war times. But the process of monetary adjustment is only one ingredient, and in a sense only a by-product, of adjusting relationships within the price-income structure so as to facilitate and maintain maximum production and employment . . ." The Council tells us that "the process of monetary adjustment" is only one ingredient in achieving stability *from this point on*. I said that our vastly increased money supply and loose fiscal policy brought on the inflation *up to this point*.

Then Father Higgins gives us this excerpt: ". . . Sober students do not see in the present monetary situation any real analogy with Continental and Confederate currency episodes or the more recent collapse of the currencies of numerous countries in Europe or elsewhere after both World Wars." Did I say that our inflation is like the German or Confederate inflation? I said loose fiscal policy, not printing press, didn't I? Does anybody get the relevance?

On such a flimsy basis Father Higgins asserts that the economists of the Economic Council are in fundamental disagreement with my analysis of the "'intricacies" (Father Higgins' word) of economic science. And this in the face of a printed record, a record to which Father Higgins was referred and in which neither Mr. Nourse nor Mr. Keyserling expressed fundamental disagreement to the repeated diagnosis that the inflation came primarily from increased money supply which in turn comes from loose fiscal policy. This, also, in face of the fact that the Council, on the very same pages from which Father Higgins has selected his quotes, says (a) that the forces of inflation are unleashed by "expanded market demand" and "easy dollars" and (b) that "the dollar has had its real value lowered by the economic readjustments induced by World War II." I leave it to the judgment of your readers whether "readjustments" "expanded market demand" and "easy dollars" are not another way of saying increased money supply. This game has become too rough for me.

W. J. Casey.

TANGLEWOOD

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: I do not like the smell of Mr. Burkley's article and reply (August 27 and September 24 issues). It reminds me either of someone who has an unknown-to-the-reader personal grudge, or of someone in the mood which characterizes the sovietic art decisions.

Mr. Burkley may say that the point he wants to make is about the worshipping of music. First of all, it is extremely difficult to know what point Mr. Burkley has been trying to make. He is juggling with several issues at the same time. Second, when the time comes that our only worry will be about worshippers of classical music we shall be a happy people! Third, all the young ones who go in for a musical career out of personal vanity or for money's sake, or both, are soon disillusioned. Much earlier than they would be in any other public career.

But given that there is personal vanity and love of money in the pursuit by a musician of a public career, there is also something else: a vital, compelling, inner necessity to make music, whether good or bad, with or without success, for other people. May I say this as someone who has associated most of her life with performers, small ones and "top" ones.

And, by the way, such experience enables me to take with a grain of salt what the "top teacher and musician" told Mr. Burkley. What a musician *says,* most of the time is but of relative importance. . . And do I take it that Mr. Burkley is also a musician?

Claire Huchet Bishop.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Catholic Flood in German Russian Zone

THE NUMBER of Catholics living in Eastern Germany, the Zone occupied by the Soviets, has far more that doubled since the war. The St. Boniface Society, with headquarters at Paderborn in Westphalia, which traditionally carries on Catholic work for German Catholics of the "diaspora," reports that now, excluding Berlin, there are 2,865,000 living in the Soviet Zone—an area with a pre-war Catholic population of only 1,083,437. The multiplication is accounted for principally by the arrival of refugees from territories annexed to Poland and the Soviet Union. The number of parishes has already increased from 599 to 976; the number of priests from 987 to 1,546; the number of "emergency stations for religious services" from 317 to 2,392. The Society points out there is an extreme shortage of priests, and a minimum of 197 are needed immediately. Priests are being aided currently by 673 lay helpers and catechists, all of them women.

The religious map of Germany since the Reformation has shown overwhelmingly Catholic areas and other areas overwhelmingly Protestant. The great growth of cities and industry since the industrial revolution tended to mix the population, but the old religious pattern maintained striking contrasts. The war and post-war developments have altered the picture more radically than anything since the Thirty Years' War. Now, when special work is required, the St. Boniface Society, together with the Guardian Angel Society, through which Catholics in strongly Catholic areas gave support to their fellow-religionists who were scattered in Protestant regions (something as the American Extension Society), are finding their work seriously hindered by obvious developments, and particularly by currency reforms and regulations. (From: CIP Press Service.)

"Popular Democrats" Organize in Peru

A POPULAR Democratic Movement for Peru was founded in Lima on August 26. A preliminary "Declaration of Principles" has been issued, expounding the plans of the founders and relating them to the present constitutional crisis in that country. Peru's parliamentary system is currently largely paralyzed by the conflict between the leftist *Aprista* party and President Jose Luis Bustamante Rivero and the other political parties.

The declaration "affirms political, economic and social democracy inspired by Christian social principles," and aims at "embodying the aspirations of the people on this basis." The Movement demands that "the present crisis of Parliament be solved by a new consultation of the will of the people," and states that "a Constituent Assembly, elected by direct and secret vote, is the democratic solution for this situation . . ."

The MPD emphasizes that it is Christian but not "denominational": "The Movement recognizes the social and missionary work of the Catholic Church as a link of solidarity and an integrating factor in the life of Peru. The Church must enjoy respect and freedom in doctrine and action. The Christian social basis of this Movement does not mean, however, in any way that it identifies itself with the Church or with any institutions of a religious character. It affirms that it is non-denominational and respects other faiths.

MPD "defends the rights of the labor unions as well as the rights of the workers in general to maintain their legitimate social conquests." It "condemns the use of labor unions as a political instrument in the service of factional interests." The declaration "opposes any totalitarian form of organization in the political, economic or social field and any violation of the principle that the State is based on law. It condemns equally the doctrines on which Communism is based and the materialist tendencies of capitalism." CIP considers that the Movement has shown "that it is basically Christian Democratic." (From CIP Press Service.)

"Young Catholic Worker" Founder Visiting Latin America

CANON JOSEPH CARDIJN, of Brussels, the founder and general ecclesiastical adviser of the Jocist movement (Young Catholic Workers), is taking a three month trip through Latin America. His trip has been organized at the invitation of the Brazilian hierarchy and at the special request of the Holy See. Father Cardijn will visit Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, Nicaragua, Mexico, Cuba, and Peru. (From CIP Press Service.)

Archbishop Beran Finds No Exit from Prague

THE CZECHOSLOVAK Government has furnished no exit permits to Archbishop Joseph Beran of Prague and the other Czechoslovak bishops who have been planning to go to Rome during October for regular *"ad limina"* visits to the Holy See. The relationship between the Archbishop and the régime has grown increasingly tense during recent weeks. Recently Archbishop Beran was expelled from the Czech Resistance Fighters' Union, to which he belonged because of the leading rôle he played in the resistance movement against the Germans during the war and because of the years he spent in the Dachau concentration camp.

The Prague Archbishop has objected strongly to two bills lately introduced by Dr. Alexej Cepicka, son-in-law of Communist President Klement Gottwald, and Minister of Justice in the cabinet. One of the bills provides for compulsory civil marriage.

The second bill objected to claims as its object "the protection of the People's Democratic Order." It contains a clause forbidding clergymen to read from the pulpit pastoral letters of the bishops or encyclicals of the pope containing any reference to matters connected with the "People's Democratic Order." Since there is no Catholic press in present-day Czechoslovakia, this law would practically eliminate communication between priests and people. (From: CIP Press Service.)

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The Stage & Screen

Magdalena

IT IS impossible to understand why the movers behind this enormous oldfangled Operetta should have subtitled it "A Musical Adventure." The thing is so lavish, so overweighted, so implacably dull, it is quite simply the antithesis of any invention or exploration. It does, of course, utilize a Villa-Lobos score and I must admit that there is one small scene where an old pianola opposes jazz rhythms to sung folk stuff and when the stage—dancers, singers and characters—almost achieves a kind of adventurous gaiety. Other than this: nothing. There are far too many people, Howard Bay's architectural mountings are far too heavy and thick, and the Sharoff costumes (while stunning) are far too complex to be absorbed on first view. Add to this a really silly story involving a statue of the Madonna in farthest Colombia, plus a number of prandial scenes portraying a glutton General, who subsequently eats himself to death (stage center,) singing all the while: and you have the boring whole. I rather imagine the sophisticated spectator to guess immediately that the business is designed for the road, and for audiences who are willing to pay seriously for stupefaction rather than facts or wit. But in a sense this is unfair to the Messrs. Curran and Lester, who made a large haul with "Song of Norway" —an arrangement which exactly paralleled this one in size and tastelessness. More and more, I have come to realize that the mistakes of management (and money) are more particularly the mistakes of criticism in our theatre scheme. If there has been any provocative critical guide to the lyric theatre during the last decade, I, for one, have never come upon it. And I have been operating as official saboteur of the Drama Critics Circle for four seasons now. It is honest to conclude that critically we get the musical mess we deserve. But I only wish the same management, the same technical and vocal talents, might have supported this same composer in the special, breathtaking, truly *adventurous* manner he deserves. (*At the Ziegfeld.*)

A Story For Strangers

LET'S put this down at once as a non-review of a non-play by Marc Connelly. Mr. Connelly has got badly jammed with the precise phenomenon which has baffled so many honestly creative people: he wanted a Hero and he chose a Horse. I suppose the philosophy of his play could be called horse-sense; but for as long as I lasted at his fiasco, I kept thinking that my very youngest cousin (almost my nephew) has piloted a B-29. "Why do you say fantastic when you mean scientific?" was a quotation from a silly E. E. Cummings "Morality" in this column exactly a year ago. There is no question but that this question is the spring for any "Parable" Mr. Connelly may have had, or will have, in mind. I do certainly hope to meet him when he will have got the argument plain. (*At the Royale.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Love Through the Ages

THE remarkable thing about *"Rachel and the Stranger"* is that in spite of its thin, innocuous plot it is still such an entertaining movie. Set in the Northwest Territory in the early 1800s, it tells the story of a widower (William Holden) who buys a bondservant (Loretta Young), marries her only because the parson says it's fittin', and then decides he didn't get much of a bargain. Although she cooks and cleans fairly well, she can't shoot or whistle. Furthermore this settler's young son (Gary Gray) resents the intrusion of this woman who tries to take his mother's place. But comes a visitor, the settler's good friend, a sort of combined strolling minstrel and Indian scout (Robert Mitchum) who soon realizes what a gem Rachel really is. He becomes more than interested in her and manages to wake up her husband too; but when he offers to buy Rachel, the woman leaves in a huff. An uprising on the part of the Indians brings everyone to his senses, and the piece ends as it should. But it isn't the story; it's the manner of telling that makes this an amusing picture. Producer Richard H. Berger has given it some realistic backwoods sets, and Norman Foster has directed the script (written by Waldo Salt from Howard Fast's story) with a pleasing mixture of earthy and humorous touches; and the whole thing seems as if it might really be happening. The cast, especially the three adults, act as if they really are enjoying and believing this little drama of love's awakening. Furthermore Gary Gray proves so engaging as the obstreperous youngster that you wish that more Hollywood children had his capacity for realism in portraying charm and meanness.

Moving up through the years and into another state, we come to 1905 and Indiana, but the material dished out at that time and place in a comedy called *"Isn't It Romantic?"* is not likely to hold you for long. The haphazard treatment given its pointless story even becomes a little wearing. For the first half hour you may enjoy watching the inane fluttering of the three pretty heroines (Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman, Mary Hatcher) as they go about their unsubtle love affairs, or you may get a kick out of Roland Culver who portrays their father and does a satire of a movie satire on a Southern Colonel; but you soon become certain that "Isn't It Romantic?" is neither romantic nor funny. Don't walk out on this, however, until you see and hear Pearl Bailey do at least one of her lazy, languid songs. Pearl is completely anachronistic in 1905 Indiana, but her numbers would steal the show even in much better competition.

Then, bouncing right up to the present, you'll find that romance takes a very skittish turn in a 1948 comedy: *"An Innocent Affair,"* which has all the earmarks of a drawing room farce of some 20 years ago. Madeleine Carroll, suspecting her husband Fred MacMurray of philandering, mistakes Tycoon Buddy Rogers for the gigolo she has hired to make Fred jealous. Before this plot runs its corny course, it gives the old-fashioned one-husband-one-wife marriage quite a beating. Some of the lines are very funny, and this cast puts them over well;

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but the lovely Madeleine and her boys are wasted on this material.

"Luxury Liner" is one of those lush Technicolored musicals in which practically anything can happen. The whole plot is summed up in the captain's statement: "Half the women on the ship are running away from a man and the other half are looking for one." The picture's heroine is played by Jane Powell who sings very nicely and has a lot of romantic ideas about helping both groups of women. She finally maneuvers Frances Gifford and George Brent where they want to be. What makes this sugary concoction more palatable than most is its exceptionally good musical numbers featuring, besides Miss Powell, Lauritz Melchior, Marina Kosketz and Xavier Cugat with his orchestra and dog.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Plague and its Cure

ANNE FREMANTLE

M. ALBERT CAMUS has written the first major war novel to come out of Europe since the Allied victory. His "The Plague" (Knopf, $3.00) is a work of heroic stature, and, like all previous colossi of literature, it is political, personal, mythical, and, above all, catholic. It also happens to be postulated in terms which are uniformly and fundamentally Catholic, as Don Quixote, for example, was, and as possibly no European novel has been since. Deliberately or guilelessly, the author of "'The Plague," like Miguel Cervantes, quietly assumes that the Reformation and all the floodtide of absolute monarchy, nationalism, Fascism and Nazism that flooded in upon Luther's breach in the humanistic breakwater, and his unfortunate return to the vulgar errors of the Platonic defense of tyranny have, like Louis XV's Pyrennees, simply disappeared. What is left are what, before Pope mincingly manacled man to a microscope, were considered the proper subjects for human consideration: the four ends of man. "The Plague" on every page discusses death in terms of judgment, and all of its characters are wholly concerned with whether their lines of communication are clear, and whither they are leading.

"The Plague" was first published by Gallimard in the spring of 1947, and Mr. Stuart Gilbert's masterly translation conveys perfectly not only the language of the original, but the various tempi used by M. Camus, whose range of pace is quite astonishing, although the brilliant, but monochrome, wash with which he glazes his characters, conversations, descriptions and incidents gives an over-all unity, pointing up every detail with clarity and boldness, so that the final effect of the novel recalls in its luminosity a Raphael cartoon.

"The Plague" begins quietly, almost colloquially. It purports to be a chronicle of events during 194— told by Dr. Bernard Rieux, a doctor in Oran. It is, of course, also, an account of all France under the years of German occupation. And it is also the story of mankind's struggle with "the evil which he created" at all times and in all places, and of the "'slow crablike movement" by which alone, in spite of the harrow and out from under it, mankind advances.

All the main characters are presented bang, straight off, in the first few pages. And, underlying each entry, each appearance, the dying rats squeak and squeal and squelch, at first pianissimo, then more and more loudly. Dr. Rieux, coming out of his surgery on the evening of April 16th, steps on a dead rat; but his mind is with his wife, on the eve of her departure for a sanatorium, where she will die without ever seeing him again. Next day, Dr. Rieux's concierge produces three dead rats, and this sad old man is the first human victim of the plague whom the doctor assists. Raymond Rambert, has been sent by his paper, one of the big Paris dailies, to make a report on the living conditions prevailing amongst the Arab population of Oran. (M. Camus, himself, first attracted the public eye by his terrible revelations in *Combat,* the Paris paper for which he still writes, of living conditions in Algeria. He is, of course, himself an Algerian, from a working class family.) Rambert comes to Dr. Rieux, who asks him whether his paper would be allowed to publish an "'unqualified condemnation of the present state of things?" Rambert hedges, and Rieux then spoke in "the language of St. Just—the language of a man sick and tired of the world he lived in—though he had much liking for his fellow-men, and had resolved, for his part, to have no truck with injustice and compromises with truth." This position is held by the doctor throughout the book: it is he who forces the hesitant civic authorities to take action about the Plague; it is he who fights the virus, inch by inch, and when he can fight it no longer, walks beside it, as a close relative attends upon a coffin.

Rambert's case is quite another: the doctor has made his choice, in the alternative continually presented to us all, between committing and suffering injustice, before the book begins; Rambert's dilemma, between his devotion to the love he has so long sought and at last found, and the state of emergency, into which by mischance he is thrust, is resolved as the story develops. As the dead rats vanish and the death-roll of human beings mounts, Rambert finds, first a good story, and then a prison. His girl is in Paris. Once Oran is closed, Rambert tries by every means to escape from the stricken city. He besieges the local authorities, but all, sticklers and consolers, triflers and traditionalists, refuse to help. He bribes sentries and black marketeers, and explains and defends his conduct both to the doctor and to the doctor's friend, Tarrou, and both wholly sympathize and bid him goodspeed. Tarrou has private means, is engaged in no business, and follows the plague in his notebooks, so that his accounts amplify and parallel Rieux's. Both Rieux and Tarrou accept Rambert's egotism, his right to the pursuit of happiness. But when Rambert sneers at their working-parties, and at all who die for an idea, Rieux climaxes one of the greatest scenes in the novel with the phrase "Man is not an idea, Rambert." At

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a very early hour next day Rambert rang up the doctor. "'Would you agree to my working with you until I find some way of getting out of the town?" And, when he finds the way, he has already found that he is closer to his love working with the stretcher parties, and that in forgetting her he has already found her.

*

Tarrou, from the first, is for life, as Rieux is for justice. Nor is he for life only as Falstaff was, but rather "ut vitam abundantius." On one of the plague's worst days, after their vigil, watching the inch by inch dying of Mr. Othon's, the magistrate's child, has reduced both men, and even the saintly Jesuit, Father Paneloux, to bitter quietism, Rieux and Tarrou go for a swim together. Their passes make such escape possible for them; to all others, the sea is forbidden.

Tarrou then tells Rieux how, as an adolescent, devoted to his railway directory enthusiast father, a judge, he went one day, for the first time, to court, and heard his father spew out "long phrases like an endless stream of snakes; I realized he was clamoring for the prisoner's death" and from that moment he condemned the genial good-natured man, who asked for the alarm-clock when he had to rise early to witness the executions of the men upon whom he had passed sentence. From the moment Tarrou leaves home to follow the path of sympathy, he has but one aim in life—to be a saint, but without God. To keep the second commandment in all its fulness is Tarrou's aim, to love his neighbor, whether Cottard, pleased at the plague, because he is in it with the others, because this fugitive from justice for the first time feels in communication again; or Grand, struggling with his one phrase, that is to grow into a book to explain to Jeanne, whom he never told enough whilst she was his wife, that he loved her, as no other fellow can; or the dapper old man spitting at the stray cats, or Father Paneloux, in his first sermon telling the townsfolk that they deserved their fate, and that, despite the groans of men and women in agony, they should "offer up to heaven that one prayer which is truly Christian, a prayer of love; and God would see to the rest," or M. Othon, coming out from the horrors of the isolation camp after his son's death, and asking to go back, because there "I'd feel less separated from my little boy." And when Tarrou dies of the plague, Rieux feels, "the silence of defeat . . . this defeat was final, the last disastrous battle that ends a war, and makes peace itself an ill beyond all remedy. The doctor could not tell if Tarrou had found peace, now that all was over, but for himself, he had a feeling that no peace was possible, any more than there can be an armistice for a mother bereaved of her son or for a man who buries his friend." . . . Tarrou, as he himself had put it, had lost the match. But, when the plague is ending, when Tarrou is dead, Rieux wonders what he himself has gained. "No more than the experience of having known plague and remembering it, of having known friendship and remembering it, of knowing affection and being destined one day to remember it." Tarrou's quest of peace is by service, Rieux's by justice, Paneloux's by love—always the same quest, whose failure is immaterial.

The day after Tarrou's death, Rieux learns of his wife's, but he has already accepted it: it was the same suffering yesterday, today, tomorrow. And this is the theme of Father Paneloux's second sermon: that "It was wrong to say, '*this* I understand, but *that* I cannot accept,' we must go straight to the heart of that which is unacceptable, because it is thus that we are constrained to make our choice." Over the wracked body of M. Othon's child, Rieux rebels "To my dying day I shall refuse to love a scheme of things in which children are put to torture." But Paneloux, wiser, sadly replies, "Ah, doctor, I've just realized what is meant by 'grace'." All then are aware of their quest: Rieux is interested in being a man, Tarrou in sanctity—"since I'm less ambitious" as he tells Rieux; Paneloux wants all because he does not dare deny everything, and because the alternative to all is nothing, and that nothing he cannot face: "Master, to whom shall we go?" Total acceptance, not merely resignation, not even just humility. To do God's will, we, too, must will it. "Thus and thus only can the Christian face the problem squarely and, scorning subterfuge, pierce to the heart of the supreme issue, the essential choice." Total acceptance of all that comes, total surrender of all one is. Paneloux preaches; Paneloux practices; Paneloux dies. Against his name the index card recorded "doubtful case."

All M. Camus' characters are men of good will: even Cottard's only real crime was having approved of something that killed off men, women and children. "For that," Tarrou said, "I am obliged to pardon him."

Throughout his novel M. Camus exemplifies Father Paneloux's doctrine of total acceptance. He describes minutely, specifically, the corruption of the average civic official, but without praise or blame; he minutely details the disposal of the dead during the worst horrors of the plague: but without revulsion or distaste. He has something of the sublime, but eccentric, charity of Madame Guyon, who, once, in ecstasy, stooped to the ground to swallow a gop of spittle. And his conclusion is, that people are just the same as ever, and that this "was at once their strength and their innocence, and it was on this level, beyond all grief, that Rieux could feel himself at one with them." So Rieux resolves to compile this chronicle, to "bear witness in favor of those plague-stricken people, so that some memorial of the injustice and outrage done them might endure, and to state quite simply what we learn in time of pestilence: that there are more things to admire in men than to despise."

And that, after all, is what we need most to hear. For this is M. Camus' final adieu to the Existentialists, as it is his—and all of our—first Christian utterance. The Gospel is "good news"; the first chapter of Genesis tells us that God saw His creation as "very good"; the Mass prays to Him "who wonderfully did form and more wonderfully reform" our nature. It is this essential parallel between His Nature and ours, this indestructible goodness, which like Paneloux, we must totally accept.

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But to make today of 1 Corinthians 13, 1—an immediate actuality, the theme of a tremendously full, rounded and alive novel, is quite an achievement. And the obverse of that total acceptance of goodness is a complete awareness of evil: the tale Rieux had to tell could not, here, be one of total victory. All who, "unable to be saints but refusing to bow down to pestilences, strive their utmost to be healers" must remember "their joy is always imperiled . . . the plague bacillus never dies or disappears for good, and . . . perhaps the day would come when, for the bane and enlightening of men, it would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city."

American Cavalcade

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

IT is hard not to take continued good fortune for granted—if not actually as a matter of right. That is the case, I daresay, with most Americans who are favored both with ease, security and a plenitude of the goods of the earth and congenial friends to enjoy them with. Only occasionally, it seems, are such aspects of American life as our comparatively lofty living standards or our freedom to think, speak, publish, assemble and worship seriously challenged. When the challenge comes we do rouse ourselves from our much-lulled manner of living, only to sink back into it when the threat has subsided.

Of the two chief causes of our present tenor of existence in this country it is easier to recognize the vast natural endowments of our spacious land (which incidentally we have been expending so lavishly) than to remember the debt to our pioneer forebears. Even campaign oratory is today less liberally sprinkled with apostrophes to Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Lincoln than it used to be before the last war. Yet the first settlers and several generations of successors in meeting their own specific difficulties established positive patterns and traditions which explain much that is still characteristic of contemporary American life.

No doubt the nation's elementary and secondary schools do devote more attention to this topic than to any other one. The national political heritage with its stunning register of heroes is dinned into the children's ears; it is presented in song and film and story, as well as in the latest pedagogical projects. Some of it inevitably sticks. But as Americans grow older the figures dim; whatever significance the youthful mind has attached to the instances of fortitude and determination ceaselessly paraded before it pales too. That is why the impact of the books of a man like Kenneth Roberts, for instance, is almost wholly new.

Carl Sandburg in his hulking new novel* is often in the realistic Roberts vein. His impulsion is patriotic. He has sought to show how this great nation has come to be what it has come to be by juxtaposing three unconnected fictional studies of the life and times of the Pilgrim Fathers, the northern Atlantic seaboard of the Revolutionary period and a section of the Middle West during the 1850's and the Civil War. If he had been able to publish his book while the United States was still deep in the war, it might well have swept the country. It comes upon us now when we are deep in the process of doing some rather tall relaxing, if every so often stirring a bit uneasily about the latest weapons and a new antagonist who grows more unpleasant day by day.

To my mind Carl Sandburg's most successful reconstruction is that of the Pilgrim period—the issues were clearer then and the reader (and author) is in the first flurry of enthusiasm. Also Remember Spong is, appropriately, the most memorable of his heroines. The story has three phases. The first and most impressive shows to what a pitch of heroism the Pilgrims impelled themselves in order to reach this forbidding land to worship God in accordance with their inmost dictates. The second shows in all honesty how this spirit led as well to extreme intolerance and cruelty. The final chapters deal with Roger Williams who, with the Calverts of Maryland, so firmly established religious liberty in the United States. This stirring section ends on a note of the most radiant hope, quite unmindful that this atmosphere of absolute tolerance would lead eventually to the dominant indifferentism of the present.

Mr. Sandburg is good enough to reproduce a quote he ascribes to Roger Williams which may be familiar to most Americans but which defines the respective spheres of church and state so neatly that I cite a substantial part:

> There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of commonwealth, or a human combination of society.
>
> It hath fallen out sometimes that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship; upon which supposal I affirm that all the liberty of conscience that I ever pleaded for turns upon these two hinges: that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews or Turks be forced to come to the ship's prayer or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any.
>
> I further add that I never denied that notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of the ship ought to command the ship's course, yea, and also command that justice, peace and sobriety be kept and practised, both among the seamen and all the passengers.
>
> If any of the seamen refuse to perform their service, or passengers to pay their freight; if any refuse to help, in person or purse, toward the common charges or defence; if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship concerning their common peace or preservation; if any shall mutiny or rise up against their commanders or officers; if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders or officers because all are equal in Christ, therefore no masters nor officers, no laws nor orders, no corrections nor punishments; I say,

* *Remembrance Rock. Carl Sandburg. Harcourt.* $5.00.

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> I never denied, but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commander or commanders may judge, resist, compel and punish such transgressors, according to their deserts and merits. . . .

Things were more muddied in the Revolutionary period. Loyalty to the British Crown died hard. With more astute work on the part of London the break might then have been avoided. And over here it was the misdeeds of His Majesty's subordinates which rallied the doubtful (of which there were so many) more than anything else. Mr. Sandburg quite rightly emphasizes personal doubts and resistance to the idea of enlisting in a desperate cause; to underline our debt to the Founding Fathers he focuses attention on the odds against American success and the endurance which is symbolized by Valley Forge.

By the time the 1850's have rolled around conditions are even more complicated. The American people have spread out. The Puritan tradition has flared up again in the persons of the abolitionists, who are so dedicated to the anti-slavery cause that they cannot (as Mr. Sandburg points out too often) squarely face the inhuman working conditions in the mills of their own beloved New England. The carnage of the Civil War made all previous and most succeeding conflicts pale before it. Here again our forebears rose to the occasion and hung on—that the Union might be preserved. Perplexity about whether the Civil War might not have been avoided need not dilute our tribute to the men and women who won through.

The connotations of all this for the last war are quite apparent. They could also be quite apposite in our current struggle to establish lasting world peace.

More Books

Letters of Eric Gill. Edited by Walter Shewring. Devin-Adair. $5.

ERIC GILL'S *Autobiography* has become a classic within a few years of its publication. But like most autobiographies, it is not wholly satisfactory and it is sometimes misleading. Gill himself prefered to call it an "autopsychography"—a term that might well have been coined to describe *The Education of Henry Adams,* a book which it much resembles. Both are subjective rather than objective; they falsify the portrait by imposing later ideas upon early life; they leave curious gaps in the record. Gill's *Autobiography* was written during what proved to be his last illness in the early months of Europe's last castastrophic war. Its rapid and sketchy summing up of the latter and more interesting part of his career is out of all proportion with the fullness of the early record; and there is evidence of a certain weariness of the spirit, so far as that fighting spirit could flag while it still lived. This collection of nearly three hundred and fifty letters, in which those of the last five years outnumber those of the first twenty, does much to round out the record and to put Gill into better perspective, just as Henry Adams' letters fill in and correct *The Education.*

The editor of this volume, a close friend of Gill, considers the *Autobiography* an "authentic portrait," and finds "no novelty" in these letters for those who knew Gill best. This judgment is dubious and neglects the fact that Gill is no longer a prophet for the chosen few, but one whose wide influence is still expanding. The letters not only clarify Gill's early ideas and doings, particularly his conversion; they offer a vast fund of information on his work and changing points of view. Gill was a great letter-writer—it was no accident that the largest body of his literary work consists of letters to the press—and frequently his ideas emerge more clearly from his private and public correspondence than from the more formal writings in which he later expressed them. The man himself looms large in these letters, in all his integrity as an honest craftsman who loathed artiness, intellectual pretentiousness, the manifold beastliness of the modern world, and the false values against which he fought so hard. The ideas on art, architecture, and printing, on social and economic problems, which are sketched or implicit in the *Autobiography* and the tracts are here seen developing and consequently are made clearer.

Even a reader who is uninterested in Gill's ideas will find in this book a rich human record. Gill said very little about some of his closest friends in the *Autobiography;* they figure very largely in this book in the extensive corespondences with Father Desmond Chute, Mgr. John O'Connor, Graham Carey, William Rothenstein, and Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy. There are also some noteworthy letters to Chesterton, Douglas Cleverdon, G. G. Coulton, Anthony Eden, and Geoffrey Keynes. Gill's deep religious feeling, his aesthetic penetration, and his passionate sincerity are here counterbalanced by a charming puckishness which helps to explain the wide range of his friendships. There was an imp behind that mask of an Old Testament prophet, and the imp is more evident in the letters than in the previously published work. Gill was very much in the tradition of that true Merrie England which has not wholly emerged, despite Chesterton's effort, from the deposits of vapid Romanticism, the Gothic Revival, and sentimental antiquarianism. Gill was a medieval man, for whom the Christ on the Cross above the altar and the fiend lurking beneath the choir stall or in a column's carving were equally real and present.

The book is well indexed and illustrated, though even more reproductions would have been welcome in this record of an artist's life. The volume has been handsomely set in Gill's own Perpetua type and well bound but there are some half a dozen typographical errors which would have distressed its subject.

MASON WADE.

Ape and Essence. Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.00.

ONE of the most hopeful characteristics of this curiously disagreeable century is its return to a belief in hell. In the second half of the nineteenth century the toxic idea of progress almost obliterated the concept of hell; only a few brave solitaries, such as George MacDonald or Léon Bloy, dared cry it aloud in the monotonously meliorist universe. Now, sadder but at least wiser, we have learnt, how bitterly!, that the horizon is a mirage, and that there is no exit except upwards or down. Mr. Aldous Huxley's new novel gives as horridly vivid a picture of hell as ever was painted. He has

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always used as his mouthpiece a prophet or a teacher: D. H. Lawrence, thinly disguised as Ransom in "Point Counterpoint" was followed by Gerald Heard as Mr. Propter in "After Many a Summer." Now in "Ape and Essence" William Tallis, a fictional author, is pursued by Mr. Huxley and a mythical Hollywood friend. On the day of Gandhi's death these two had been talking—at least Bob was telling Mr. Huxley of the latest developments in his current romance. And Mr. Huxley was commenting interiorly with his usual disgust: for him all love is sticky, all infancy leaks at both ends; and how Celia, Celia, Celia sh . . . Just then a truck drives by loaded with MSS for the incinerator. One bumps off and is picked up by the friends. Huxley is amused by the title, "Ape and Essence," and pursues the author to a remote cottage in the desert, only to learn he is dead. His script describes life and civilization after the Third World War.

Mr. Huxley has a Midas-murderous touch; smoking a cigar as described by him is so shockingly sensual a performance that beside it Freud and Havelock Ellis read like the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's and in this novel he has turned humanity—thanks to the atomic bomb—by the year 2109 into blue-bottomed baboons. He is hugely in his element here: the Third World War has made all the world unsafe for heroes (because of radiation) except for New Zealand. A scientific expedition sets out thence and arrives in California: two of its members are a be-momma'd professor of Botany and, gingerly pursuing him, a frustrated female assistant. The Botanist is separated from his companions and is captured by the devil's helots: they bring him to one of Belial's priests, who needing more food grown, explains the state of things and sets the New Zealand professor to work under a guard. Once a year, for two weeks, comes the Californian mating season: else men and women wear patches with red "No's" over their privvy parts. During this annual fourteen-day heat, the hero is raped by a local girl, Lola, who explains to him that the babies, six-fingered and mis-formed, are usually ritualistically murdered. Enamored, the botanist quotes stacks of Shelley and is saved by falling in love with his Lola, for they escape together to a remote country to the north.

It is curiously incongruous of Mr. Huxley to spend two-thirds of his novel castigating lust and one-third proclaiming love. "For love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement," as Mr. Yeats pointed out in his great Byzantium poem, and it is not Shelley, but the Sacrament of Marriage, that transforms the bodies of human beings into grace-bearing species. Nor, for the salvation of mankind, is marriage enough. M. Camus, in "The Plague" has emphasized and underlined the fact that "Gloria Dei Vivens Homo"; both he and Mr. Huxley give ghastly pictures of sin's total victory; but the only two brands snatched from Mr. Huxley's burning are a selfish, sensual pair, in whose redemption it is ridiculous to believe. Marriage is indeed a sacrament, but only one of the seven, and, as sung by Huxley and sanctified by Shelley, does not suffice. Christ declared that nothing entering man from the outside could defile him "for it goeth out with the draught"; for Mr. Huxley, everything human is only a horror, and even human love can be valid only in so far as it defies society. How wrong he is, M.

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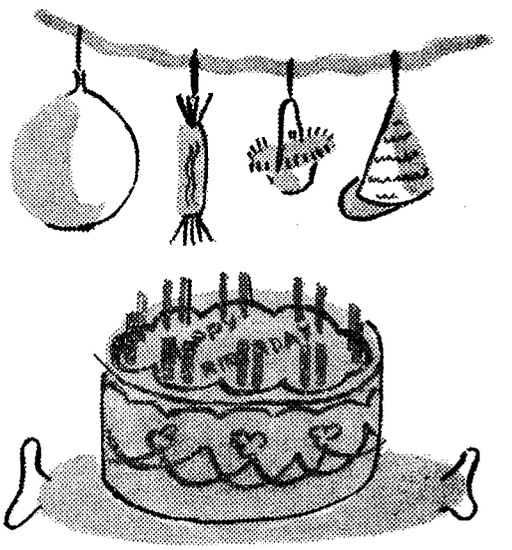

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Camus' novel makes amply clear: Rambert's choice is the Christian one, for salvation cannot be solitary, and Peter, enjoying the company of the risen Christ, is told, over and over again, to "feed my sheep." "This is all our faith: Christus in Patre; Christus *in carne;* Christus *in nobis*—Christ in the Father, Christ *in the Flesh,* Christ *in us.*

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Chaucer and the Fifteenth Century. H. S. Bennett. Oxford. $4.00.

THIS is in many ways a rather unsatisfactory book, but it will derive a weight it does not deserve from the fact that it is one of the twelve volumes of the Oxford History of English Literature now in course of being written. Mr. Bennett may have a sufficiency of what passes for scholarship, though his habit of flourishing it under our noses lays him somewhat under suspicion. But he is deficient in insight and he is case-hardened in a gentlemanly sort of anti-Catholic prejudice. While remarking that "Chaucer's England was Catholic England, and if we wish to understand much of Chaucer's poetry we must know something of the religious beliefs and observances of his time," his presentation of them is perfunctory, clearly showing that he thinks they do not matter in themselves. Moreover he is mainly concerned with the Catholic "superstitions" of the time, or in the clerical shortcomings, treated by Chaucer with casual humor but taken by Mr. Bennett with deadly seriousness. The trouble is that he has manifestly used Dr. Coulton as almost his sole guide.

Only the first third of the book is about Chaucer himself; the rest is about the fifteenth century in general. And here Mr. Bennett is better, though his prejudice leads him to slight such spiritual writers as Walton Hilton and Richard Rolle. Best of all are his extended bibliographies, however much these may need to be supplemented. A glaring erratum, probably inserted at the last moment by the general editor, opens the book. It occurs on page 14, where the Prioress's Tale is described as the tale of Hugh of Lincoln. Such a slip in a Chaucerian scholar is hardly credible, for, as everyone will recall, the tale begins, "There was in Asia, in a great citee, Amonges cristen folk, a Jewerye," and only the last stanza makes any reference to Hugh of Lincoln, merely by way of applying the matter to England.

THEODORE MAYNARD

The Town with the Funny Name. Max Miller. Dutton. $2.75.

MAX MILLER'S latest book is about La Jolla, "The Town with the Funny Name," or rather it is about Max Miller and La Jolla is the locale. He talks a great deal about the town, of the domination the sea exercises over it, of certain inhabitants and their activities, but La Jolla itself, in spite of the profound love the author manifests for it, never emerges as the individual and colorful community it is. Actually the book is a more or less connected series of 38 informal essays, written in a labored style that may be an escape from direct reporting to which, I understand, a good deal of Mr. Miller's life has been devoted. These essays are Mr. Miller's comments on the times, the people he meets, the sea, manners, customs and anything else that catches his keen reportorial eye. The best of the book is found in the parts in which the author goes in for straight narrative. When he turns home-spun philosopher, as he does too frequently, he is soon out of his philosophical depth, though his own spiritual integrity and his desire to evaluate and express his ideas cannot be doubted. Perhaps it is his wrestling with his thought that accounts for the peculiar, unkempt style of his writing, but the impression one gets is that he is wrestling with the English language, with the English language getting most of the falls.

On the credit side, let it be said that the book is written with a quiet, unobtrusive humor, a deep and correct understanding of what is happening to many charming towns of California, La Jolla among them, with the influx of population and, though Mr. Miller is not a native Californian, he feels the same sort of troubled love of a town that a native feels when he sees it altered by invaders who see in it something he may have missed—and is glad he missed. The book is no travel folder type of literature, and for that La Jolla should be very grateful indeed.

JAMES DUFF

Wisteria Cottage. Robert M. Coates. Harcourt. $2.50.

IT is a joyous relief to read clean-cut, unassuming prose, particularly after the profusion of literary verbosity all around. Robert Coates writes with an unself-conscious economy that by its uncluttered line is trenchant and unexpectedly moving.

"Wisteria Cottage" is the history of the downward course of a young schizophrenic, Richard Baurie. There are excerpts from the psychiatrist's report gleaned from interviews with Richard, the lustreless and disastrous account of his disappointed and dangerously thwarted adolescence in Kansas, his arrogant self-delusions and the unending persecutions he imagines.

Richard, while hiking along Long Island's North Shore, finds a cottage which he *knows* to be ideal for his great friends, the Hacketts, Florence, the mother, and her two daughters, Louisa and Elinor. They have accepted him as a member of the family, but he is convinced, much as he yearns to be *in* the family, that he does not belong, that they are shutting him out; at the same time, he feels he is brother, husband, and son to the Hacketts, and is filled with an unfulfilled sexual longing for Elinor, the younger and kindlier of the girls. So they all move down to Wisteria Cottage for the summer, Louisa and Richard coming down just for the week-ends.

Richard's reactions to Louisa's flashy and promiscuous men and to the lax, heavily feminine atmosphere of Wisteria Cottage increase his urge to save all the Hacketts from what he thinks is their "spotted actuality."

"'Evil, evil,' he said. 'I knew all the time that there was evil there somewhere. I knew they needed me.'

"It was then that he would go out and prowl.

"'I knew I had to watch them. I knew there was some way they could be saved.'"

His conviction that he must protect them and guard the cottage grows throughout the book; his first air of friendly supervision and intense interest in the place becomes an attitude of over-bearing proprietorship, frantic antipathy at the imagined slights from all around him. When Richard finds that nothing he can do *will* safeguard the Hacketts, even Elinor, his only hope, there is but one answer. I shall not spoil this absorbing novel by revealing it here.

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Richard Baurie, while a theatric character, is not presented in a spot-lit fashion. He is a figure of infinite pathos and, finally, of Olympian tragedy. The Hacketts, Chub Bassett, Crosby and the lesser characters are honestly and effectually drawn.

Where Mr. Coates has been particularly successful is in the ordinariness of his story. No tiled asylums, no mental bedlams are employed to wring the reader's emotions. "Wisteria Cottage" is simplicity itself, as direct and frightening as the uncoiling of a serpent.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

A Fire Was Lighted. The Life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Theodore Maynard. Bruce. $3.50.

WRITTEN while in a sanatorium, Maynard's study of the heroism of Rose Hawthorne seems an heroic accomplishment in itself. Biographies of Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O.S.D., have already been published: in 1930 by Dr. James J. Walsh, co-worker and friend, and in 1938 by Katherine Burton, but Mr. Maynard has had access to fresh material in family letters and Mother Alphonsa's private papers at Rosary Hill, Hawthorne, N. Y.

It was in 1900 that the Servants of Relief of Incurable Cancer of the Congregation of St. Rose of Lima of the Third Order of St. Dominic were given permission to wear the Dominican habit by Archbishop Corrigan, who took the new foundation under his special protection and control. Only four years before, Mrs. George Lathrop (Rose Hawthorne), after three months' training in Memorial Hospital, had taken a street car down to the Lower East Side of New York and rented for herself two dark rooms and a scullery in a forlorn tenement at One Scammel Street. She moved in; received Holy Communion at the 6:30 Mass at St. Rose of Lima's Church; painted her dingy floor a gay yellow; obtained permission from the Board of Health to nurse cancer patients in their homes and began her work singlehanded.

She had meant to confine herself to visits until she found better quarters but when old Mrs. Watson, dismissed from Memorial Hospital with her face in a mask, presented herself homeless and unkempt in Scammel Street, Mrs. Lathrop's courage stood the test. She put up a cot and shared her own tiny bedroom with this bit of human wreckage. Somehow one more sufferer was squeezed in and then Mrs. Lathrop rented four rooms in an ancient wooden house on Water Street. The next August, Miss Alice Huber, an art instructor from Kentucky, came to visit the clinic; she was as deeply impressed by Mrs. Lathrop's red-haired sparkle as she was revolted by the work. Nevertheless she volunteered as a part-time helper and in March, 1898, came to live in Water Street and remained there and then in Cherry Street for the rest of her life. And always the sight and smell of cancer affected Sister Rose Huber as painfully as it did that first day.

It was that same spring of '98 that George Lathrop, Rose's husband died in Roosevelt Hospital of cirrhosis of the liver. The Lathrops had been received into the Church together in 1891 but even that strong spiritual bond failed to cement a troubled marriage. Their only child had died ten years before and about 1894, Rose received the Bishop's permission for a separation as George's heavy drinking made it dangerous for her to

The Beer Cry

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by William G. Schofield

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Next Week

THE HUK GUERRILLAS, by Gordon L. Harris, who has returned from intelligence work in the Philippines, indicates that there is a marked parallel between this Communist-led uprising, which has "paralyzed recovery efforts in provinces whose rice fields and fish ponds are the Islands' larder," and the fighting in Greece. Mr. Harris explains what results from the fact that "Ouster of American interests from the Islands, particularly removal of U. S. Army, Navy and air bases, has long preoccupied the Communist leadership . . ."

FUN WITH A PURPOSE, by J. F. Powers, author of "Prince of Darkness," reports a business college meeting in the Middle West devoted to the American adventure of salesmanship. As one of the well-integrated participants put it: "Hell, they were all in the same boat, bailing water you might say, and building a sales talk that would sell, building it not on the crumbling sand of chance but on the bedrock of tested sentences that sell. Hard work? Sure it was hard work. Not all work and no play, though. Plenty of fun. . . ."

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live with him. However she wrote in her diary:

> As I stood beside his body, soon after his death, the beauty & Nobility & exquisite gentleness of his life & the eloquence which breathes from the unbreathing being of one who died in the Lord spoke plainly to me of his virtues.

Yet she seems to have felt no overpowering remorse at not having been with him when he died and adds, "Yesterday, early, his soul came to me, I am sure, to console me in his loveliest way of forgiveness." I confess that, to me, the separation will always remain an enigma.

A good third of the present volume is devoted to Rose's childhood and the romance of her father and mother, the beautiful Sophia. Mistakenly I had always pictured Hawthorne as rather a melancholy man; actually no man of letters had a more completely happy family life or more congenial and devoted friends. Hawthorne's reputation and his MSS. were the Lathrop's richest capital but there is something so disparate between Rose's literary hack work and Mother Alphonsa's mission that the Hawthorniana, valuable as it may be, seems to belong in another book. It may have been Hawthorne's sensitive reaction to the slum life of Liverpool and London which left an unconscious impression with Rose about the poor; it was certainly the death of her dear friend the poetess, Emma Lazarus, which first brought cancer into her orbit.

Mother Alphonsa seems closest of the moderns to Saint Vincent de Paul in her great tenderness for the unfortunate. "Try to remember, Rose, my dear," she writes in her diary, "that there are no planes in people themselves but only in their circumstances and that the circumstances of the poor, the ignorant and the corrupt are a disgrace. God loves them better than the more fortunate in circumstances unless they love the poor."

There were to be no paid nurses in her hospitals—except orderlies for men—and no shrinking from the patients even for the dressings; wearing of rubber gloves was forbidden. No knife, radium or experiments were to be permitted and all patients must be penniless and incurable. That is the passport. Instead of euthanasia the loving atmosphere of Rosary Hill and Cherry Street sometimes adds months or years to a patient's life. Yet they feel it is only deferring opening the door that leads to God's eternity.

E.V.R. WYATT.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Michael J. DEACY is a priest in the Archdiocese of New York.

Manya HARARI is an English journalist and an editor with Bernard Wall of the quarterly, *The Changing World.*

Mason WADE of Vermont is the author of a number of books about American and Canadian cultural affairs, whose latest volume is "The Journals of Francis Parkman."

Theodore MAYNARD is a poet, historian, biographer and critic, whose "A Fire Was Lighted" is reviewed in this issue.

James DUFF is a leading member of the Catholic Poetry Society in Southern California and editor of the poetry page in the Los Angeles *Tidings.*

Elizabeth JOHNSON is a New York critic and a contributor to several British and American periodicals.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World.*

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